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W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be generally fair and warm; southeasterly winds.

It is plain that Brother William Cleveland was also much troubled with a factional following.

For a non-partisan organization the Board of Police Commissioners is a howling comic opera success.

Cuba is permitted to send thirty new members to the Spanish Cortes, but all of them are thoroughly Weylerized.

With the able assistance of Senator Sherman's recollections Senator Hill has managed to give the Republican leaders considerable thinking material.

The threatened expulsion of the Rev. George P. Knapp from Turkey, and the probable expulsion of all the Christian missionaries as soon after as possible, are part and parcel of the mendacious and treacherous game which the wretched Turk has played with the Christian nations from the beginning of the Armenian troubles. He is now doing his best to make it appear that this last perfidy is in obedience to an understanding with Russia, who desires a clear field for her own faith. Every Turkish act of fanaticism and barbarity has been thus palliated by a juggle with the Powers. It is not conceivable for a moment that the Czar, who is accredited with sagacity, would undertake a move which could have but one effect in making all the Powers unanimous in their protest. The whole business bears upon its face the stupidity and the duplicity which only one monarch in the Old World is capable of. It is just possible that Mr. Knapp is the last feather that is to break the back of Christian patience.

GREAT BRITAIN'S BOAST.

We are now having a paean of admiration from certain newspapers caused by England's commercial prosperity. Anglomania has no subtler form than this. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has given out a rose-colored report of English finances, and the American chorus is, "Ah, we must imitate England if we would be prosperous and happy." But, like all official utterances, the report of the English Chancellor must be taken with some reservation. It does indeed set forth quite plausibly the purely commercial status of the empire, but it is a mistake to suppose that national permanence and general happiness rest upon commercial prosperity altogether. We must not forget that the English Government is essentially a shop-keeping Government, and a nation that subordinates every other consideration to the commercial question, and builds ironclads not only to protect but to extend its commerce, ought easily enough to make out a fine balance sheet.

But the Chancellor's report does not take into account the decay of some other national characteristics conjointly with this growth of commercial prosperity. When Armenia cried out to the "Defender of the Faith," the answer was made in commercial terms. It will not "pay" to be Defenders of the Faith. Downing Street was more powerful than the sympathy of the British people. England at this moment presents the curious spectacle of a middleman nation, with all the elements of distrust and despair among its own people; with its natural insular resources dwindling to a point, and relying upon its outlying provinces, which are honeycombed with the democratic spirit, for a merchantable loyalty that the death of an aged sovereign may disturb and disrupt at any moment. The spectacle of this nation, exhibiting its stuffed wallet and trying to convince the world that its happiness and perpetuity are dependent on its surplus, is one of the most glaring sophistries of the modern commercial spirit.

It has not appeared that England's gold reserve has made Ireland any more comfortable, or lifted the agricultural bone and sinew of the island out of despondency and ruin. It does not prevent emigration. It has not shielded Great Britain from the jealousy and envy of the other great Powers, which within a year have shown a new inclination to combine against her. It has not removed the standing reproach of her white slaves in Lancashire or her opium victims in China.

England is wealthy beyond compare. It was quite English for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to mention that fact as the final answer to the world. But it is not very becoming for American statesmen to roll up their financial trousers and put on British goloshes because it is raining in London.

It would be well for our contemporaries who try to think through the foreign mail to turn from the Chancellor to the English historian, Mr. Leckey, whose recent work on "Democracy" has just appeared here. There is in his book a serious questioning of this wealth, and he does not quite see that the people grow happier as the reserve in the Bank of England increases.

The enemies of Mr. Platt will doubtless retort that it is far better to be full of wind than out of wind, the condition in which Mr. Platt's Presidential candidate finds himself.

DEBATE ON THE FUNDING BILL.

Discussion of the bill for funding the indebtedness to the Government of the Pacific Railroads, amounting to something more than $120,000,000, being the business in order in the United States Senate Friday, the debate assumed the following instructive character:

Senator Allen, after declaring truthfully that the report of the Senate Committee was practically the report of Collis P. Huntington and his associates in the lucrative work of swindling the taxpayers, allowed himself to drift into a eulogy of General James B. Weaver. Senator Gear, who had been trying to defend the action of the committee, eagerly seized this opportunity to shift the issue to a more tenable point. General Weaver, he declared, was simply a confiscationist, and believed in confiscating railroads, telegraphs and other great properties owned by private corporations. It may be noted in passing that, however truly this may describe General Weaver's character in the profitable game of confiscating railroads for which some one else has paid, C. P. Huntington, for whom Senator Gear seems to be the mouthpiece, could give the Populist cards and spades and beat him out. Senator Allen, however, fell into the trap set for him. Forgetting all about the bill under discussion—a most infamous measure of spoliation—he plunged into defence of Weaver, incidentally denouncing the Senator from Iowa as a purveyor of falsehood. And so, with much mutual recrimination, the debate proceeded, wide of the mark throughout.

It is unfortunate that the first shot at this scandalous report in favor of robbery should have been so ill-directed. All that Senator Allen said about the committee report was true and important. What he had to say about General Weaver may also have been true, but is assuredly unimportant. What needs be done now is to make the people familiar, by constant reiteration, with the nature of this enormous job and with the scandalous circumstances attending its progress through the joint committee. As Senator Allen correctly said, little effort was made to get before the committee the views of the people opposed to the Huntington plan. But for the brilliant and persistent work of Senator Morgan—work made doubly difficult by the fact that he was a minority member of the committee—the cold, revolting facts of the villainy and spoliation of the Huntington management of the Pacific roads might not have been clearly shown the committee. That after listening to the confessions wrung from the reluctant Huntington by Senator Morgan, and the even more significant evasions and lapses of memory with which the magnate met particularly searching questions, the committee should have reported this bill, is a phenomenon likely to make others than Populists like Senator Allen declare the committee dominated by the railroad corporations.

It is evident now that this bill is to be pushed to speedy determination in House and Senate. Honest men in both bodies should spare no effort to make it clear to their colleagues and to the people that it is in fact only a measure designed to free a body of enormously wealthy men from a debt to the Government amounting now to over $120,000,000, and which with accruing interest at the end of the renewal proposed by this bill will exceed the enormous sum of $200,000,000. No more prodigious job has ever stained the annals of Congress.

Senator Hill is missing some of the ball games through his zeal for the Administration, but he is having the satisfaction of pounding out some grounders that are too hot for Mr. Peffer to handle.

AN UP-TO-DATE DIVINE.

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, is none of your visionary, impractical parsons. He has none of the rashness of the historic person who monkeyed with the buzz saw—if so homely a metaphor may be employed in characterizing a doctor of divinity. Not for him is the desire to test the effect of the impact of an irresistible force upon an immovable body. When he observes an irresistible force approaching he moves.

With the approach of Spring the Rev. Jones observed a growing void in his sanctuary. Young men and maidens, even the staid heads of families who had been wont to grace the centre pews in all their Sunday finery, disappeared. Less worldly wise pastors might have ascribed the phenomenon to widespread illness. A less self-reliant pulpiteer might have feared the quality of his pulpit oratory was deteriorating. Not so Jones. He made investigation, and a week later, amid notices of the Church Chatter Club and the Simian Sewing Circle, gave forth the announcement that a check room for bicycles would thereafter be open at the church portal every Sunday morning.

Sage Jones! Fortunate Chicagoans who in the intervals of wheeling the happy hours away may hearken to the oratory of a clergyman so greatly gifted with common sense. Doubtless henceforth his church will be thronged, and sweaters, plaid hose, and even bloomers will be costume de rigueur for morning service. All thoughtful persons will hope that the ministrations of this up-to-date clergyman will be such that his flock shall be made to wheel in the straight and narrow path, and avoid scorching—either in this world or the next.

Mr. Quay declares that he finds nothing to discourage his candidacy. The trouble with Quay is that he persistently refuses to look in the right direction.

A BRITISH VIEW OF OUR NAVY.

A writer in the London Standard discusses with the air of a trained naval expert the comparative strength of the navies of the United States and Great Britain. At first sight the subject might seem one not admitting of very much discussion. It suggests measuring the mole-hill up against the mountain. Yet the Standard's writer does not dismiss with indifference or contempt the United States' beginnings of a navy. Our ships, he says, "are designed to beat any of their own class," and with a vivacity of recollection unusual to a Briton he reminds his countrymen that a like policy gave the Americans all the naval honors in the war of 1812. Our cruiser Olympia he believes "the finest for her size in the world," and he calls attention to the fact that her broadside is almost thrice the weight of that of H. M. S. Eclipse, which is of practically the same tonnage. The New York and Brooklyn he declares "even finer," the former verging upon "the line-of-battle ship with her numerous heavy guns, while her speed is such that if she liked she could run from any line-of-battle ship afloat."

The battle ships of the monitor type—the Amphitrite, Monadnock, Miantonomah and Terror—this writer thinks formidable for coast and harbor defence, though he doubts their sea-going ability. The Texas, built after English plans, he regards as weak, and the Maine as "unfit to meet the large battle ships" of European navies. The Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon he characterizes as "the most powerful ships of their class afloat," while the Kearsarge and Kentucky are "ships to be proud of."

In armor and in armor-piercing shot this writer holds that the Americans have advanced beyond foreign nations, but at our weakness in torpedo armament and at our "freak" dynamite cruiser Vesuvius he looks somewhat askance. The personnel of the navy, too, he believes weak, too limited in numbers, and officered largely by men beyond the prime of life. In expressing these criticisms he but echoes the utterances of the Secretary of the Navy in his last report.

Intelligent foreign criticism of this nature cannot but be of value in America. The generosity with which the Standard's writer concedes the many points of superiority in the American navy should give added weight to his assertions of its weakness and inferiority in other departments.

Governor Bradley will go to the St. Louis convention with a Bradley delegation, but with a liberal dash of McKinley on the side.

Comparisons of the original documents as they are presented to the High Commissioners at Washington show greater discrepancies in the English Blue Book on Venezuela than were suspected. The argument of Professor Pollock does not contain many inaccuracies, and no grave errors have been discovered. But the text of the evidence by which his argument is supported is garbled wretchedly. One disclosure just made appears in an important omission from a letter written by Governor Light, of the colony of British Guiana, in 1839. In quoting this letter, the only paragraph bearing on the case is left out. This paragraph relates to Mr. Schomburgk's work, and states that the memoirs of the explorer confirm "the opinions of the Superintendent of Essequibo as to the western limits" of Guiana. That paragraph bears directly on the question in dispute. It supports one of the contentions of the Venezuelans, and there is grave reason to suspect that its omission was intentional. It is not likely that the evidence was garbled for presentation to the High Commissioners, but for the purpose of deceiving all the rest of the world in case Great Britain should have been allowed to enforce her claims against Venezuela. Whichever horn of the dilemma—ignorant or intentional omissions—may be chosen, the case against Great Britain's Foreign Office is serious and discreditable.

Gail Hamilton on the Maybrick Case.

The Journal has received from Miss Abigal Dodge, better known by her pen name, "Gail Hamilton," an article on the Maybrick case, with a request that it be published in this newspaper. We print the article as it came from Miss Dodge's pen.

The widespread rumors that Mrs. Maybrick was about to be released are coldly met by the tidings that she is not to be released. Evidently, the rumors had no stronger foundation than a lingering belief in English justice. I give below her mother's letter to the Home Secretary on learning his decision:

Rouen, Feb. 24, 1896.

Right Hon. Sir M. W. Ridley, Home Secretary, London:

Sir—I am grieved beyond words and disappointed at the decision which you have arrived at, and sent to Mr. Cleaver in the case of my dear daughter, Mrs. Maybrick "that you cannot consistently with your public duty interfere with the usual course of the law."

I feel confident that if the inquiry had been a public one, at which those who made statements against her could have been cross-examined and their evidence otherwise tested, the result would be different.

I am sure you will not refuse to a mother pleading on behalf of her only daughter, some information that may guide me in my future efforts toward her vindication, as I know her to be innocent, and I also know the bitter enemies she has.

If I knew where, in your opinion, the evidence in her favor fails, or what are the strong points against her which I have to meet, I should not despair of obtaining further evidence or otherwise convincing you, but all information as to what is relied upon, and what is regarded as unreliable, has hitherto been withheld from me, and I have experienced great difficulty in consequence.

I am certain that your decision will find widespread surprise and regret in our own country, as so many Americans have urged our Ambassador to ask your clemency in her behalf, due, as we believe, to her, in justice for the unjust conviction of 1889, and after these long years of suffering as an innocent prisoner.

I beg to call attention to the fact that this is an American woman descended from the founders of Phillips's Academy, Andover, a kin to two judges of our Supreme Court, allied by marriage to our present Chief Justice;

That her release has been asked by the highest and best men and women in this country; that her counsel, Sir Charles Russell, at the conclusion of her trial, sent a memorandum to the Home Office, declaring that the Judge had "passionately invited" the jury to find a verdict of guilty; that his charge was clearly "wrong and misleading;" that "every point made by the prosecution was put by the learned Judge, and with greater insistance, as well as other points which the prosecution had not made—while, at the same time he does not seem to have realized the importance of many of the points made on the part of the prisoner, and did not put some of them at all, and those which he did put, he minimized and discounted";

That this Judge, who pronounced her sentence of death, afterward publicly proclaimed that there was "a doubt about the facts";

That the same counsel, now Lord Chief Justice of all England, still reiterates that Mrs. Maybrick "ought not to have been convicted," and that "she ought now to be released";

That for the crime for which she is imprisoned for life, she has never been tried, never has had an opportunity to see her accusers or witnesses, or to know the evidence upon which she is condemned;

That an English writer in an English review, has said without contradiction: "This American woman was sentenced to be hanged by a Judge on the verge of dotage, after the counsel for the prosecution had remarked it was impossible to find a verdict of guilty in the face of the medical evidence. She was declared by the jury to have been clearly proved guilty of wilfully poisoning a man who, the Home Secretary, sitting as Court of Appeal, found was possibly not murdered at all, and she is now serving a sentence which was not pronounced by the Judge for an offence which was neither alleged against her in the indictment nor submitted to the jury at the trial."

I subjoin extracts from a letter just received by a friend in this country from Mrs. Maybrick's mother:

London, March 26, 1896.

I have come over to see poor Florie. I never expected to return again without her. * * * I saw Lord Russell yesterday. He says he is inexpressibly shocked, grieved, pained and surprised. He certainly expected, after the strong report he sent in in her favor, that she would be free. He declares frankly that her case is a miscarriage of justice, and has given me leave to say what I have as coming from him. He says not to give up hope or stop work.

Florie is overcome. I am heart-broken. I go home Saturday and shall begin afresh.

If the resolution now before Congress brings to light all the correspondence between the Lord Chief Justice of England and our own State Department, it will add to the mysteries of this most mysterious case. GAIL HAMILTON.

The Scarlet Tanager.

A flame, a wandering fire,
With wavering desire
From bough to bough,
Thou wingedy woodrous thing!
Of glad, of golden spring
The soul art thou,
A flame, a wandering fire.

Thy strange, thy scarlet gleam
Wilt glisten through my dream
The livelong year;
O pure, O holy May!
O blithe, O blessed way
I travel here!
A flame, a wandering fire.

—William W. Newell's "Words for Music."

Woman's Ways.

If thou art false,
Then Heaven is earth—all love a lie—
And thy hand's clasp of mine to-night
Will sting as does a serpent's bite,
And the pale moon will cease to shine
On the false eyes I thought divine.

If thou art true,
Then earth is Heaven—all love is true—
And my brief sorrow of to-day
Will pass like April showers away,
And over me will stretch anew
Heaven's clear, unfathomable blue.

—Philadelphia American.

Not Mr. Parker's Partner.

Editor Journal:

Sir—An article published to-day intimates that, although a partner or some sort of business connection of Police Commissioner Andrew D. Parker, I have acted as counsel for policemen tried under charges before him. I beg you to say that I have no business relations whatever with Mr. Parker, other than the occupancy of an office in the same suite and the sharing of certain common expenses, according to a very general custom of lawyers. Mr. Parker is not my partner, and never has been. The use by us of the name "Newell & Parker," as mentioned in said article, was at first for supposed convenience only, but even that has long since been discontinued. My occasional appearance for accused policemen is in spite of, and not in consequence of, the fact that one of my office associates happens to have been appointed Commissioner of Police. I have yet to learn that there is any impropriety in a personal acquaintance or former business associate trying a case before a person with whom such association has existed. Yours truly, EDWARD J. NEWELL.

New York, April 18.

Reed at St. Louis.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

If Tom Reed gets a quorum at St. Louis he'll have to do his own counting.

The Harrison Situation.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

The Harrison children are still somewhat sore over the election of their stepmother, but they won't demand a recount of the votes, though they think the primaries were irregular.

"The Speculator."

Tired of "elevating his extremities" and "cavorting about the stage" in comic opera, as he facetiously informed us in a little, unrehearsed speech, Thomas Q. Seabrooke plunged into comedy at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night, and, regardless of thermometric eccentricities, produced a new play by George H. Broadhurst, entitled "The Speculator." Mr. Seabrooke informed us with a wan smile that his Chicago whiskers failed to conceal that he had been "driven out" of comic opera. Perhaps, however, that is hardly true. There is no such thing as comic opera any more. It is dead, and—if Mr. Seabrooke will pardon me for saying so—its death was due entirely to himself and to others. Mr. Seabrooke drove away comic opera instead of being driven away from it. Luckily for him, he can turn to his first love—comedy. Others have been less fortunate, and they are now doing the "continuous performances."

That he is an exceedingly admirable comedian Seabrooke showed us most conclusively last night. He was cast for a part that in other hands might have been maudlin and theatrical. John Fullerton, a speculator on the Chicago Board of Trade, is a star role with a vengeance. It has all the "sympathy," all the "fat" lines, all the situations, the centre of the stage, and the curtain climaxes. The type is not unfamiliar to New York theatregoers, who have seen on various occasions the bluff old business man, who looks ill at ease in his evening clothes, shrewdly alive on the dollar question, but eminently sentimental where a lovely daughter and her future happiness are concerned.

Wheat and love are mixed together in the deftest fashion in this new comedy. You get equal doses of each. The hero and the villain are both wheat speculators, and they both own beautiful self-sacrificing daughters, whose "living happily ever afterwards" depends absolutely upon the grain market. They are both pathetic damsels, who would just as soon eat a crust in a two-story cottage as dwell in marble halls built by successful speculation. Still, they were exceedingly nice clothes, and apparently enjoy so doing. They inveigh most charmingly against the theory of speculation by which one man climbs to affluence over the prostrate body of another.

However, it is never easy to make the love element stand out in the sordid atmosphere of the "ticker," and it must be confessed that Mr. Broadhurst has done his work remarkably well. The second act, in the offices of John Fullerton & Son, and Henry Duncan, "on the ground floor of the Chicago Board of Trade," is an interesting and duly tumultuous episode that would go much better if Mr. Seabrooke's associates were as competent as Mr. Seabrooke himself. In his act you see the rival speculators at their "tickers," the successful revolutions of which mean happiness to the dear girls and their "young men." Duncan forces the market to a certain figure and Fullerton makes a manly appeal to him to settle.

If he is obliged to throw his line of wheat on the market it will make him a bankrupt. The tickers tick, and everybody rushes on the stage and off again in a tumult of excitement and suspense. At the agony point one of the daughter's young men comes in with the nonchalant news of war on the Afghan frontier. Special editions of the newspapers are announced confirming the news. Up goes the market. Down goes the villainous rival speculator. Duncan is "foiled again." Fullerton triumphs, and—and—well, nothing remains but a third act in which to settle up matters satisfactorily.

In this third act, of course, Fullerton does the noble. In fact, the only fault one can possibly find with this member of the Chicago Board of Trade is that he is too persistently and incongruously noble to live—in Chicago. He is virtue personified in every conceivable direction. There is no flaw in his character. And with it all he is eminently humorous, for he says to young Robert Fullerton, "The man who can't say damn,' and mean it, when the occasion arises, is not fit for the market"—a sentiment that proves conclusively that Mr. Broadhurst knows his duties as a stage humorist very thoroughly.

"The Speculator" needs revision as to its cast. That second act came dangerously near ruin, and wheat had nothing whatever to do with it. The calamity was threatened by the completely ghastly work of Atkins Lawrence, who as the rival speculator gave us an example of antique Bowery acting that was singularly unnecessary. Seabrooke himself was capital at all times. He was humorous without being vulgar (and that in spite of his comic opera education). He was also unobtrusive, sedate and convincing. In fact, he was quite as good as he used to be in "A Midnight Bell," before the doleful idea of starring had entered his head and while his salad days were still green.

Miss Jeannette Lowrie, a charming little lady, contributed a delightful sketch of a winsome lassie without the usual gurgling method of the Effie Shannon type of ingenue. Sydney Booth, in a "comedy" part, was not particularly amusing, and the usual stupid parsody of an English swell was offered by a straw-colored young man called Prince Lloyd, who wore Avenue B clothes. Fred Peters and Harry Driscole played small parts effectively. Miss Blanche Moulton was a rather violent dowager, who fed Seabrooke with gallery patriotism, and Miss Lorraine Dreux, as one of the daughters, who almost preferred to be poor, was quite pleasing.

It was a very hot night, and Seabrooke undoubtedly felt sorry for himself. It was not at all cozy, but it might have been worse. "The Speculator" is concisely knit and agreeable. It is moreover most agreeably short, and though that wheat market rose and fell a trifle too rapidly for strict veracity, we forgave it. In fact, we might all have exuded into the street, if it had kept us waiting. ALAN DALE.

The Jester's Chorus.

The Fall in Literature.

"I fell, but I was not to blame for that."

The other characters listened with bated breaths.

"I fell," cried the miserable woman, "but it was the fault of the illustrator. He had a bad case of the new art and ignored my centre of gravity."

Thus does inexorable circumstance determine fate. Detroit Tribune.

Solid Cookery.

"I made these biscuits myself, Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat, with honest pride.

"They look very nice, Lobelia," replied Mr. McSwat, picking one of them up and making an effort to split it. "And they are still hot. How long ago did you—ah—cast them?" Chicago Tribune.

A Persistent Offender.

"I have done my best," the editor remarked, "to establish this paper in the confidence of the community."

"I think you have succeeded," was the reply.

"Yes, to a great extent. But there is one regular contributor whom I can't break of his habit of taking."

"Who is that?"

"The man who sends in the weather reports." Washington Star.

Some Anecdotes of the Late John Stetson.

There was no better known theatrical manager in the United States than John Stetson, whose death in Boston the Journal recorded yesterday. And, while the man had his enemies—it was a favorite remark of his that a theatrical man who had no enemies was not worth his salt, or words to that effect—the men who had harsh things to say of him during his life were a unit in praise of his many admirable personal characteristics. There was no man more charitable than he when it suited him to be charitable, and, at the same time, it was next to impossible to impose upon him. Not a few of the anecdotes that were being bandied back and forth by the gentlemen along the Rialto yesterday bore directly upon this trait of the distinguished Bostonian's make-up. One of them, for instance, bore upon the case of a favorite employe of Stetson's, a more or less deserving youth who served him as treasurer during the season, but who once found himself in the middle of a particularly long Summer without money, or the next thing to it. He approached Mr. Stetson with what theatrical people call "a long, hard-luck story," and besought him for a loan of $100. "Not a cent!" snapped the manager, "g'wan away with you." The young man retreated in good order, and later in the day, having taken counsel of some friends, once more approached the man of wealth. He told him frankely that a very sweet girl, his fiancee, was on the eve of starting out with a burlesque company and simply had to have some new clothes; he wanted the $100 to give to her. "Why the deuce didn't you tell me that at first?" inquired Mr. Stetson fiercely, as he handed over the money; "everybody knows you can't feed love on hay."

While Mr. Stetson justly prided himself on his ability to draw up a contract without a loophole for the other fellow to wriggle through, there is one case on record where he got the worst of it. The Kiralfys were playing an engagement at the Globe Theatre, with one of their famous spectacular shows, and in their contract had managed to secure the insertion of a clause providing that all so-called "extras," including calciums, advertising, extra stage hands, and so forth, should be provided for by the house. Thus it happened that while the receipts for the week figured up nearly $8,000, Mr. Stetson's share came to just $6.50. He accepted this facer without a murmur, but took his vengeance in his dry way, by heading his advertisement in all the Sunday papers with the announcement in large type: "Positively the Last Appearance of the Kiralfys at the Globe Theatre Forever and Ever."

The man's wit was as keen as his business ability. He was always ready with a retort, and he revelled particularly in snappy telegrams. For instance, when McKee Rankin on one occasion was figuring for a week at the Globe Theatre in "The Danites," and was informed by wire that Mr. Stetson demanded the first $1,800 for his share, he sent the Bostonian the simple query by telegraph: "Do you think I'm a d—d fool?" "Don't know; but am sure I'm not one," was Stetson's reply.

* * *

Mr. Stetson died a very rich man, and while no one knows exactly how he acquired the foundation of his fortune, he himself was proud of his humble origin and subsequent rise to fortune, and it is quite certain that no boy ever worked harder than he. It was while his father kept a little grocery store in Charlestown that he secured his first position—that of office boy on the Boston Herald. His duty was to keep the lamps in order, and his salary was $1.50 a week. He ran the distance to and from his home—five miles—night and morning, and in this way doubtless laid the foundation for his future fame as the champion long distance runner of the world. It was in his famous race with the Indian, Lightfoot, when he was seventeen or eighteen years old, that he received the facial disfigurement that he bore to the day of his death. It was while nearing the finishing line that some evil-disposed person, who had presumably bet on the red man, threw a brick at the white one and struck him over the eye. Naturally, this lost Stetson the race, but in a subsequent match with the Indian, with brick throwing barred, he beat him handsomely, and soon after retired from that line of business on his laurels.

* * *

The late manager was described to me by one of his sorrowing friends yesterday as a curious mixture of brightness and roughness. There are a great many stories told illustrative of his well-known propensity for the commission of so-called "breaks" or "bulls," and while he has doubtless been saddled with much more than he ever perpetrated in this direction, several of the yarns will bear repetition. At a rehearsal of a vaudeville company on one occasion the director rapped for the accompanist to stop, and turning to Mr. Stetson, who sat alone in the parquet, said plaintively: "Mr. Stetson, this piano will never do; we'll have to get another."

"What's the matter with the piano?" asked the manager.

"It's pitched too high."

"That's all right," answered Mr. Stetson amiably; send for the carpenter and have him saw two or three inches of its legs off."

Another rehearsal story: It was the old burlesque, "Enchantment," and Mr. Stetson had secured all the available talent in sight. His latest acquisition had been a pair of fancy roller skaters, and when he reached the theatre where the rehearsal was already in progress he inquired for Mr. Orrin Richards, the scene painter. When told that he was up on the "paint frame," he walked forward and the following conversation ensued:

Mr. Stetson (from below)—Say, Orrin, I've hired those roller skaters. You'll have to paint in a scene that'll fit their act.

Artist Richards (in a loud voice, from up aloft)—How can I do that when the scenery all has to be tropical?

Mr. Stetson—That's all right. Paint a tropical snowstorm. That will fit it.

* * *

As a boy Mr. Stetson had a great fondness for the sea, and has been known himself to tell the story of how he once started away from home with the determination to seek his fortune on the waters blue. He packed his kit and hid himself on board a schooner that in due course of time started down the Charles River. It was while passing through the last draw that the stowaway's repentance reached the acute stage, and with a flying leap he gained the shore, making one youthful mariner less to brave the locker of Davy Jones. Whether it was this early experience that was responsible for it or not no one knows, but it is true that Mr. Stetson all his life disliked the salt water. It was only recently that he could be induced to cross to Europe, but the trip cured him of his antipathy, for on his return he built a handsome steam yacht, on which he took many a delightful cruise.

Something About "the Rag" in Music.

Fifty years ago an old German professor, laying himself down to die, wrote bitterly to a friend: "There is nothing new in music; absolutely nothing. Everything has been done that may be done; there are no undiscovered realms of melody, harmony or rhythm; nothing unknown in all the world of tone." That sounds nice, but it isn't true. While the professor was knowing the agonies of disappointment, somewhere down South a "cullud gemman" was figuring out a combination which would be the musical discovery of the century. His medium of creation was the old-time banjo, and out of its rattling mysteries the darky evolved a musical thing and called it "rag."

Then the rag was a simple beat, but practice brought it to the dignity of a measure, and now it is a rhythm, weird, in no degree like any other musical expression, and intensely characteristic of the people who gave it birth. Strumming his instrument through many moonlight nights, the darky found the inception, and crooning his swing songs through many Southern days of sunshine he found a definite expression and a fixed musical thing. Now you may go anywhere along the Mississippi River from St. Louis to New Orleans, at Cairo, Memphis, Natchez, anywhere that negroes congregate among the cotton bales or drone away the Summer time among the grain wharves, and you will hear the rag. Sometimes it is slow, mournful, wailing; sometimes it swings sensuously; sometimes, when the gin is in, it is wild, half barbaric; sometimes it takes on the shu-shu of the buck and wing, quick, sharp, staccato and dangerous to the Christian heel which deems dancing a sin.

Everywhere one hears the rag, and everybody who doesn't know Dixie comes away and says how characteristic is that negro music. It is rag that makes it so—rag, which is just a name for a new rhythmical system. There is no positive story of its birth, but it must have come from the banjo. The short thumb-string is probably directly responsible. Before fashion got to know the banjo and made it a thing of pearl and German silver beauty, incidentally killing its native tone, negroes owned it and played it. They didn't pick it like a guitar, or tinkle it like a mandolin; they beat it, striking the strings with a whole-arm movement, catching the short string with the thumb after the chord had been struck. Playing an accompaniment, the thumb-string made an extra and unnecessary beat, but it gave character to the music.

The guitar is a better accompanying instrument than the banjo, and the negro took to it. The piano became an available thing in later years, and he took to that. There are no thumb-strings on guitars or pianos, and that extra beat could not be sounded. It was dropped. In its place the chord was faintly struck again, just to suggest the lost thumb-string. The rhythmic effect was peculiar, but distinctly impressive. When the darky could play the piano, which he sometimes does exceedingly well, he found the perfection of the rag, and began the telling of a new musical story. Then he was met with a difficulty which in a measure accounts for the absence of the rag from music stores. Nobody could write it.

Some musical folk said there was no musical expression to it; nothing in bars or rests or notes to tell the performer who knew it not how to interpret it. Other folk contended with much talk and gesture that it was impossible time. I once took a colored boy to a talented professor to have him put on paper the weird thing which the boy did on the piano. The professor listened, took the notation, went home, and produced a nightmare of unintelligible sound. When he couldn't repeat from his score what the boy had played from a musical instinct, his Teutonic tongue cursed it as a musical fantasy which could have found lodgment nowhere outside the brain of a barbarian.

Said the boy: "Its boun' tuh be right, P'ofessah; I starts in at one en' an' I comes out at t'other, an' I don't drap nothin' on thu way; so I is sho it is right, sah." And it was, only they closed the deal on musical expression a long time ago, and haven't opened a game since. Some day somebody will find a way to tell in a score just how to handle a succession of chords to beat a rag, and then the thousand beautiful, unwritten darky dreams that are floating, vagrant and musical, through sunlit Dixie will not be lost. A negro plays a melody with the rag suggestion running through it, and it is beautiful; a talented musician, educated in the conservatories, finds himself utterly incapable of doing it in an acceptable manner. The musician of education doesn't know why he fails; he simply misses the rag, and missing that misses all.

The rag is by no means a musical clown. Its peculiar rhythm fits the wail and the sob of melody quite as well as the sugar heel shakes; it all depends upon the manner of expression. Rag is rhythm. It has nothing to do with the melody. It is simply a time beat, which is not march, schottische, waltz or anything but rag. But it makes some homely tunes delightful. You might call it broken time; time with joints in it; but time which is perfect in that the beats are true to the measure.

Artists say one may put two colors close together and between them produce the effect of a third. The dropped note isn't lost. You know what it would have been had it been sounded, and your musical vanity is tickled at the discovery. Rag goes on doing that for you. Giving you cues and suggestions until the melody has done. You think you never heard "Suanee River" quite like that before, and you will wonder why the air was never particularly attractive to you.

Some night when the boat is slipping along between the narrow and overhanging banks, when the moon is playing coy with you through the shifting trees, when sleep is not for you, and the day is immeasurable distances away, you may hear the rag. Down on the lower deck, sitting on a cotton bale, a negro begins a low croon, and the guitar whispers. Then low, rich, soft voices fall in with alto and tenor and bass. Then you hear minor harmonies, exquisite, tender, emotional. The guitar swings into the melody with a rhythm you have not known, the whole sense of the song changes, growing sadder or gladder, as the mood of the time may please; you drift off into the paradise whence music knew its being, swaying your body to the movement of the guitar, and shifting your emotions to the mood of the melody. You have heard the song, heard the harmonies, many times; the guitar, never. That is the witchery of the rag.

CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.

One Mask Each Day.

[Detroit Tribune.]

We hear that Senator Tillman is regularly tearing a mask per day off Wall street, with a matinee each Saturday.